

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

PRINTED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

NUMBER 393.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

PART THE SECOND.

I LEFT little Evelyn, surnamed "the blessed," living amongst the simple people of Tullygarrett. She was then a few weeks old; I find her now a beautiful bright-haired child, singularly interesting and intelligent. As she grew older, her nurse imagined she perceived a thin film spreading over her eyes. Her feelings upon this painful subject resolved into one idea: if she should ever find "Masther Garrett," Evelyn perhaps would not be able to see her own "father." The simple-minded affectionate woman imagined this the summit of human misery. She would bring up his child, and yet, if she should ever meet him, the pleasure of looking on him would be denied to her. She had often pictured the joy of such a meeting; but an Irishwoman's joy is always eloquent, and Margaret failed to fancy how Evelyn could express herself if she were denied the power of beholding her parent. She would move various colours before the child's eyes, and finding that the eyes remained motionless, she would turn away in the bitterness of her sorrow, and exclaim, "He left her sightless, and he will find her so!" She would then add, "But it's the will of God! it's the will of God! and sure His will is both justice and mercy." This trusting in the justice and in the mercy of Divine Providence, is a never-ceasing comfort to the poor Irish; no matter what their troubles are, this reliance never deserts them; and though Margaret used every probable and improbable means to restore sight to her darling, yet each disappointment was followed by the resigned expression of "God's will be done," even while tears of bitter sorrow and disappointment were coursing each other down her cheeks. It was pleasant to observe the delicacy and attention with which the poor treated this little object of their solicitude. Every peasant felt an interest in Evelyn, and this feeling of interest was mingled with one of respect. "Sure she's of a good ould stock on one side, any way, and it wouldn't be right for the like of us to forget that. It's all in the hands of God! Who knows what will turn up for her yet, the craythur!" The little maid was always better dressed than Margaret's young relations, and no jealousy or discomfort was excited by the distinction; the most "mealy" potatoes were chosen by their own hands for her, and "the drop of sweet milk" placed in her little china mug on the top shelf of the dresser, while the young Sheil's noggin of sour milk waited their dinner, where it sometimes became the prey of the kitten or the "bonnee." The rich may think these small attentions and sacrifices nothing, but those who have never wanted are bad judges of what it is to bestow, not from multitude, but from misery. Margaret had found in Mrs O'Dwyer's trunks many of those shreds and patches, and even pieces of damask and chintz, lutestrung and mode—"relics of ould decency," as she called them—which she had already begun to convert into "coats" for Evelyn, and mounted a long feather or two in the wide-leaved straw hat plaited by her own industrious fingers, to protect her favourite's delicate complexion from the sun. There was a wild common stretching at the back of the cottages, forming what was ostentatiously called the town of Tullygarrett; and day after day, little Evelyn, carefully watched by Mary or Easy Sheil, would wander through the heath, or nestle amid the fern to sleep when fatigued. A little incident will show that though Evelyn was with the cottage children, she had imbibed some how or other a feeling of pride beyond them. The Cork mail crossed this heath once a-day, and the children of the village

used to watch its passing, and beg most vociferously of the passengers. It was wonderful how fast the little urchins used to run, and how loud they used to scream; run! ay, a mile and a half for a halfpenny, their two little dirty feet going as fast as the coach-horses' four. One day, however, an accident happened the coach; the guard had substituted a kippeen* for a linch-pin, and, as might have been expected, the wheel rolled quietly off, and deposited the outside passengers in the soft earth of a bog. This was very unpleasant, but it might have been worse. Irishmen bluster and swear at an accident, but soon get over it; and after a little blustering, and a good deal of swearing, the passengers walked on, while the guard manufactured a linch-pin out of the handle of the door.

Little Evelyn had heard the bustle from a hillock at a distance, and was always much amused by the passing of the coach. She continued plaiting a rush basket, and when, attracted by her exceeding beauty, one of them addressed her, she shook

"The golden treasures of her hair,"

and answered in her own sweet childish voice, still continuing her occupation. Little Essy Sheil came up, and in reply to a question addressed to Evelyn, dropt her curtsy, and observed, "Sir, if you please, she has no light at all at all." Upon this Evelyn blushed, and tears fell from her sightless eyes.

"What! blind?" he inquired; "sight is in her eyes for all that."

"Ay," said Essy, "but no good; only aunt says maybe it won't be always so."

"Is she your cousin?"

"Oh no, plaze yer honour; she's a born lady."

The gentleman laughed, and presented the "born lady" with a silver coin; but Evelyn, who had risen, flushed crimson, and returned him the coin with any thing rather than an obliged manner.

"She's no beggar, yer honour," said Essy, herself half offended; "nor are we beggars either, sir; only we takes what we gets."

"I daresay you do," he replied, taking the hint and transferring the coin; "and now, take me to your aunt, and I will hear this child's history."

It was soon told, and, as it happened, the gentleman was a well-known oculist, and with much kind feeling told Margaret that if she liked to bring the child to his house in Dublin, he would see if any thing could be done for her; and the coach being mended, departed, as visitors always do from the dwellings of the Irish poor, overwhelmed with blessings.

Margaret was not slow at perceiving and feeling "the divided duty" which this proposal led to—her brother and his children on the one hand, little Evelyn and her promise to Garrett O'Dwyer on the other—and, in the fullness and simplicity of her heart, she called her brother Murtoth to share its councils.

"It's a poor case entirely to leave you, Murtoth, and Easy so wild, though Mary to be sure is a rock of sense, considering her years; but Easy's cruel wild, though Mary's head is long, and she can spin, sew, make, and, what's better, mend as well as myself; and sure it's proud I am to see you go to yer work as clean as any gentleman, and the cabin, God be praised, as white as the priest's vestment (God bless us); and all that's a comfort any how; and the dawhy craythur, poor little Evelyn, bird of beauty that she is! has no one but me to look to her, and if the grace o' God would beam down on her, and restore her her sight, sure I could tache her many a thing against the time she'd see him."

"True for ye, Marg'ate, it would be a comfort to me, let alone you; only don't say, sister, that the child has no one to look on her but you; I know ye're the best friend any one ever had, but if you wasn't in it, sure I'd guard her myself—I would, for the honour of the family! But go, sister—I go to Dublin with her at

ons't, and what help I can raise for you I will, to send you comfortable on your journey. It's yer duty, Marg'ate, to the family, that's what it is; and a proper duty to do, and God speed ye with it. And don't be fretting while ye're away, though it's a good step* to Dublin; only take it easy, and I'll go bail Mary will mind the place and the pigs, and every thing that away. And ye'll write to us, as you're the learning, and maybe my prayers wont be with ye! Only go, Marg'ate, astore; and, sure, if she's restored, it's a bright girl she'll be, as well as a beautiful. If she's not, why, sure, we must only do the best we can for her; and, any how, the blessing has been in it, ever since she set foot among us. I know you've a heart good enough to stay, but yer duty is to go amongst the strangers, if it would do her good; we've been followers of the family for more than two hundred years, an' it isn't now we'd give in at the heel of the hunt."

This disinterested conduct on the part of poor Murtoth needs no comment, and Margaret prepared for her long and fatiguing journey with the same cheerfulness as though she were dressing in her best for mass on a sunny Sunday. Margaret was not one who saw no difficulties, no obstacles in her path. She perceived and understood them all; but she was a follower of the family; and the more the little offset stood in need of support, the more did she feel it her duty to protect and shelter it. The next Sunday the priest took occasion to address his congregation from "the altar," and to tell them that Margaret Sheil had resolved to go to Dublin, to see if it would please the Almighty God to restore the sight of her eyes to the child she had promised to watch over. The priest was a kind-hearted man, and knew the character of the people he addressed; he first of all made his congregation laugh, by declaring what an advantage it would be to men if all women were blind to their faults, any way, and then aroused their sympathies in behalf of the heroic exertions of Evelyn's nurse. Nor was this all: when he saw his congregation wiping their eyes, and turning them towards where Margaret and Evelyn were, he urged them to give something even of the little they possessed to forward so good and pious an object. He told them that by so doing they would receive in this world the prayers and blessings of grateful hearts, and do a deed acceptable in the eyes of the Almighty. Whatever of superstition was mixed up with this kind-hearted man's discourse, I do not know: it was delivered long before I was born; but an old man who heard Father Roche's address on the occasion, told me there was not a dry eye in the chapel, and that a purse, long and heavy with brave big and little money, was the result of his appeal. The times are bad, indeed, with Paddy, when he has nothing to give.

Murtoth Sheil was unprepared for the priest's address, and in the chapel-yard he thanked him from the overflowing of his heart, and assured his neighbours that one time or other he'd hope to make it up to them. Murtoth's tears evinced his sincerity; and when a week afterwards Margaret and Evelyn's preparations were completed, and they were about to depart, it would be impossible to imagine a more kindly crowd than waited to bid them farewell. Evelyn was kissed, and crossed, and blessed, and the best horse and car in Tullygarrett, with a feather bed, and a patch quilt spread over it, prepared to take them "a piece of the way;" and every woman that had an old shoe on, threw it after them "for good luck." And it was hard to tell whether Margaret laughed or cried most; she did a good deal of both; but it was not until having embraced her beloved brother for the last time, and called her niece, Mary, twice back to hear more "last words" touching various cottage matters, and having from the brow of the hill on which she stood watched the car and its attendants descend into the last hollow, that she felt the utter loneliness of her situation; and pressing Evelyn, who understood and participated in

* Little pig.

* Bit of wood.

* A long way.

† Clever—intelligent.

her feelings, to her bosom, fairly burst into the passionate tears, which a sense of her loneliness, and the length of her journey, called forth.

In this railroad age, it is hard to imagine the toil and difficulty of a journey from Tullygarrett to Dublin; it was both tedious and painful, although safe, as travelling in Ireland always is. Margaret had more than eighty miles to walk. When Evelyn was fatigued, she carried her on her back, for the roads were then but little frequented, except by the country car-men at stated periods; and now and then a heavy lumbering coach, which seemed built for eternity, groaned past, heavily laden with luggage and passengers; and sometimes the guard would "give her a lift," which lightened her journey, and afforded her the opportunity of conversing with her fellow-beings. As yet she had spent but little of the generous gifts she had received; and though very much fatigued one night in particular, that Evelyn had been faint and weary all day long, consoled herself with the information she had just obtained, that it was only fifteen miles to Dublin. The next morning her precious charge was weak and feverish; poor Margaret herself felt that she too was very unwell, but having said her prayers, she dressed herself as usual, and prepared for her departure. It was evident that Evelyn could not walk far, but her nurse longed with the impatience of a fervent spirit for the conclusion of their journey, and knew that every mile would diminish the distance. She therefore tied Evelyn on her back, in a way peculiarly Irish, and set forward.

She had not, however, journeyed more than three miles, when she felt her own strength sensibly diminishing. She was sick at heart, her head became dizzy, her limbs refused to perform their office, and the dreary landscape through which they were passing danced before her eyes. She unfastened the cloak, and sat down beneath the shade of a solitary tree, whose leaves rustled in the hot wind that swept the common, but whose breath was scorching, not refreshing. When her cloak was untied, little Evelyn crawled rather than walked from beneath its folds, and Margaret, as she pressed her own parched lips to her burning brow, muttered, "Now the Lord in his mercy look down upon us, for it's the fever, or something worse, that's over her; and as to me, God help me! the hot and could sheers will shake the life out of me soon." Evelyn laid her head on her nurse's shoulder, and moaned heavily; Margaret observed that her eyelids were swollen, her face red, and her hand dry and hot. She thought that the same illness had seized both; she was mistaken; the child was attacked only by measles, but she herself had been seized upon by the fearful fever whose ravages have from time to time rendered the cottage homes of Ireland desolate. Overwhelmed by a lassitude she could not overcome, she wound her arms round her charge, and fell into a deep but painful slumber.

When she awoke, Evelyn was still sleeping, and though in a species of half delirium, she had not altogether lost her consciousness. She attempted to rise, but her strength was prostrated; she could not even move; her lips were unable to convey to the air the incoherent but fervent prayers she framed to the Almighty for the bestowing of his care on the sleeping child. The sun had set, and she was not in sight even of a dwelling; the only thing upon the dreary waste that indicated her proximity to a human habitation, was a lean spectral-looking grey horse, who had limped towards them, and after gathering with his skinny lips a few leaves from off the young shoots of the thorn-tree, stared pitifully in her face, as if to say, "hail, fellow-sufferer!"

Before the evening closed, the owner of the horse, a poor man called Larry Twist, who lived by making mats of the rushes cut from the swamps, and manufacturing fern brooms, came to seek his poor grey horse, and soon saw that one if not both of those beneath the tree were affected by the pestilence which had been ravaging that part of the country for some time. In such cases the peasantry never totally desert each other; they dare not, of course, bring the infected parties to their houses; but before the next morning dawned, this good Samaritan had, with the assistance of a neighbour, erected a sort of shed over the sufferers, so as to protect them from the inclemency or heat of the weather, and placed a comfortable quantity of dried heath beneath them. Nor was this all: from time to time milk was begged for by the poor man "for the travellers, God help them, who war struck by the way, and no one to see to them, only just the Almighty, and maybe a slave like himself, who had nothing to give." This milk was pushed towards them with a long wattle; and Evelyn, whose childish disease lightened in a day or two, made a wonderful nurse in her turn, and well merited her name of "the blessed." She would sit all day long, her sightless eyes bent towards "her mammy nurse," whose head she supported on her little lap, replying to the ravings which conjured the whole world to take care of "her blessed Evelyn," with the assurance that "sure she was taken care of;" an assurance which the poor patient could not comprehend. By degrees Evelyn learned to guide herself round the tree, and from under the shelter of the hut, and her quick ear could distinguish the barefooted and nimble tread of those who shared with her their poor food, and begged for her support from the "big house." Sightless as she was, poor child, the sweet tenderness of her nature was to her instead of sight; and she watched, without seeing, her fainting and fading

friend—without being able to discern the frightful ravages which fever was making with the being she loved.

When the crisis came, and every faculty of life was suspended, when she could neither feel Margaret's heart beat, nor the breath from between her lips, then, indeed, Evelyn shrieked, and ran out upon the waste, clasping her little hands, while the tears gushed from her eyes, and the black crow rose heavily on the wing, croaking his displeasure at the disturbance. There was none but the crow to answer her cries of distress, for the mist of morning was heavy on every blade of grass; but as the day advanced, when the sun rose, the birds of the morass, and those who shelter amongst the gorse and furze, commenced the business and pleasure allotted to the span of their existence, Evelyn, exhausted by her cries, had sunk upon the heather, and, prevented by the innate dread of death which makes the blood run cold when we grasp the damp heavy weight, for the last time, of the beloved hand which never was cold to us before; impelled, I say, by this untaught innate dread, poor Evelyn feared to return to the hut, when all at once a lark sprang from beside her, and soared, and soared, into the very heavens, flinging its music with the prodigality of abundance, until it mingled with the fleeciness of the morning clouds; and the child's feelings, softened by the melody into a gentler sorrow, subsided. She loved the song of the sweet wild bird. She no longer screamed or sobbed, though the tears flowed on. She almost restrained her breath, and turned her face right upwards, that she might not lose the fragment of a sound! It was a picture to look upon. Gradually rising from the ground, she rested on her knees upon the wild heath, with nothing intimating the presence of humanity within reach, save the crouching temporary hut, and a red cloak hanging with picturesque effect above it, from amid the green branches of the solitary tree, which stood out, in strong relief, against the clear firm-looking sky.

So absorbed were her senses and feelings, that she did not hear the approach of her constant friend Larry Twist, who, in addition to the half-filled noggin of milk, had brought her on this morning a fragment of barley-bread and three or four potatoes.

"An' what ails ye, avourneen," he said kindly, "to be saying yer prayers on the wet grass! Get up, alanna, and take this to yer mammy."

"She's stiff and cold," she replied, her tears and sobs recommencing as the knowledge of evil returned to her; "and no heat in her heart, and she wont open her eyes; I felt them."

Larry moved cautiously towards the hut, keeping, as he said, "the wind between them;" and after peering over the cloak, assured Evelyn "that it was only the lull of the fever," which assurance, though she did not understand it, conveyed hope to the child's mind; the hope was increased by his adding, "Eat yer breakfast, my corra! and thin take a turn at the prayers. God can raise her up still, if it is His blessed will to do so. And pray with all yer innocent heart and soul, avourneen—pray, do. The prayers of the innocent are sweeter to the Lord than the perfume of the flowers to us—God help us! Pray, my darlint, and God will hear you—poor blind lamb that ye are. I'll come back in the evening, alanna; and he muttered to himself while departing, "by that time she'll be either dead or better."

The child did as he desired. The day seems long to many a listless child of luxury, but Evelyn did not know what the word "dull" meant. Many a petted girl would not have been suffered to arise from her bed after such an illness as she had endured, and yet there she was, abroad in the breeze and the sunbeam, gathering strength; and having repeated half a dozen times the prayers she knew, she crept to her "mammy's" side, bathed her lips with milk, kissed her damp brow, then stole as noiselessly away, and plucking up long grass as if it had been long rushes, plaited them together, and forgotful, as blessed childhood always is, of the past agony when its hour is past, she warbled softly the most mournful of those beautiful melodies which the Irish children seem to imbibe with the air they breathe. The evening found her sitting by Margaret's side, and, watchful as a fawn, her benevolent friend did not approach this time unnoticed. She advanced to meet him.

"I'm sure it's near night, sur," said the child, "for the sun's gone to bed, and the birds are done singing. Tell me how mammy is now."

The poor man looked at the woman with exceeding caution, for the humbler Irish think a fever more than usually infectious when it is, as they call it, "on the turn." Faded as she seemed, there was an aspect of returning life about the face; it was pale and wan, but its rigidity was gone; a certain degree of apparent warmth was over the features, and the long lank hair was moist.

"Cover her up careful, avourneen," said the man; "keep her warm, and sit as far from her as ye can. Maybe she'll spake to ye in the morning."

"I can't sit far from her, sur, an' she is in it," answered Evelyn. And the old man wept to see the tenderness evinced by the innocent child towards her protector.

Margaret lived. It would be impossible to describe, because, thank God, I can only imagine, the faintings and weakness that confined her for a long long time to the shelter of that miserable hut. The weather continued astonishingly dry for that weeping country, and at last Larry Twist, having informed her that he

was going a good piece of the way towards Dublin, and would give her and the "girlieen," God bless her! a lift on the same grey mare that had stared so woefully at her the day she sat in utter weariness of body and mind beneath the old thorn-tree, she once more commended herself to the Almighty protection, and departed with it, if it were possible, increased feelings of affection towards Evelyn. In due time, pale and emaciated, she arrived in Dublin, and presented herself at the door of the oculist. What was her dismay at being informed, that, in consequence of severe ill health, he had quitted Dublin the day before, only the day before, for Bath!

This was indeed a blow the poor woman little expected. She calculated her small finances, and finding that they would afford her a deck passage to Bristol, and something more, she set forward, nothing dismayed at the idea of travelling in a strange country, but bent on the one great prospect of seeing her favourite restored to sight. She landed at Bristol, and, despite the weakness attendant upon sea-sickness, and her former illness, the following day found her at the door of the humane oculist in Bath. She knew enough of human nature, which it is the habit to call "knowing the world," to dress herself and Evelyn in their very best; and as Evelyn's best was somewhat grotesque, she attracted so much notice, which immediately on looking at her beautiful face deepened into admiration, that Margaret, though flattered, was somewhat alarmed at the number of persons who stopped and questioned her as to whom the child belonged to. The extreme delicacy of her features—the quantity and colour of her hair—the softness of her complexion—the length and darkness of the eye-lashes, that curtailed her dim but beautifully formed eyes, rendered her, when spoken to, an object of deep interest. And more than one lounge on the beautiful gossiping streets of Bath followed, and lingered near the door at which Margaret knocked. The servant told her—the servants of good kind people are always civil—the servant told her that his master was very ill, too ill to see any one, much less perform an operation, and that she need not call again. The blood that for a moment had mantled poor Margaret's cheek, rushed back to her heart, and the domestic, fearing that she might faint, with great humanity permitted her to sit in the hall.

"Tell him—just tell him," she said to the man, "just tell him, if ever ye hope to meet yer father and mother (God be good to them!) in paradise—tell him that it's the woman from the far Irish moor—that she lived in Tullygarrett—she, with the fair purty child, Evelyn O'Dwyer, that never can see a glimpse of the blessed light of heaven, until it places God and his honour to grant it. I was seized by the fever on the road, and missed him on its account in Dublin, and now I shall miss him again, and the craythur may go stone blind to her grave, and never have the blessing to look in her father's face, if she should have the joy to meet him!" Many more were her prayers and words, and at last they prevailed. The servant told his master, who, kind as he had ever been, consented to receive the nurse and her charge in his bedroom. His days, however, were numbered, and he knew it; but he looked at Evelyn's eyes; and Margaret wept to observe how changed he was, for she well remembered the ruddy health of his countenance at their former meeting.

"I am sure it may be cured," he said, "and she could bear it; but I dare not venture on so delicate an operation now. I feel, my good woman, I shall never live to restore this child to sight, but she may remain here until I can see her no longer, and then I will leave you a letter to a London oculist, who, for my sake, will, with God's blessing, restore her sight."

Every day, while the good man was able to sit up in bed, was little Evelyn placed by his bedside, and the child interested him greatly. The nature of the disease was peculiar, and her intelligence and beauty no less so. Margaret's industry, her devotion and affection for her charge, made a strong impression in her favour; and before the gentleman died, he placed ten guineas in her hand, together with a letter to his London friend. This appeared to Margaret a mine of inexhaustible wealth, but her tears were no less sincere when she saw the remains of the excellent friend whom "God had raised up to her," consigned to the tomb. It was indeed a bitter trial, and she left Bath with an aching heart. Every thing was new and strange; she felt, as she said, "going through a dale of grandeur without a heart, and in the midst of it all no tidings of the boy." Margaret was too long-headed to travel in the heavy and expensive coaches of those days, or even in a waggon; she determined to "walk it," with an occasional "lift" from a passing vehicle. But the English were not as ready to give the "lift" as the Irish had been; they valued their time and the labour of their horses at a much higher rate than she had expected, and the refreshment and bed at the wayside inns were always to be paid for. She had journeyed considerably past Reading, when, overcome with fatigue, she stopped at a cottage which seemed far removed from a village, and requested a drink of milk for the child, and one of water for herself. The woman answered the petition with a tolerable grace, and her husband, struck by the beauty of the child, added to the gift a second draught of milk.

The woman sneered: "the rebellion in Ireland," she said, "had driven those away from the country who had made it too hot to hold them."

It was the first time Margaret had heard of "the rebellion," which unhappily formed so terrible an epoch in Irish history. She inquired the meaning of the words, and the woman gave her a paper, saying, if she could read, that would inform her better. Margaret could and did read, what made her heart both beat and bleed. The rebellion had raged in her part of the country; the cruelties of both parties had been great; and the little village of Tullygarrett had been the scene of frightful tumult. This was agony to poor Margaret, and little Evelyn threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming, "I hear ye're in trouble, my own dear mammy nurse; oh, do tell yer darlin' what ails ye." She could make no reply. Her brother probably murdered, her nieces without protection, in the fearful tumult of civil war, were before her! She considered if she were to go back, what could she do for them!—where find them? Besides, if she were to turn from her duty now, Evelyn would go "dark" to her grave, and the follower of the family have lacked in duty. This decided her on proceeding, though with tearful eyes and a beating heart; and whenever she saw a group of men assembled together, she would stop and listen, and if she dared venture, would ask a question as to "what news from Ireland?" Alas! England has always news of tumult from that poor country; but at that period the execrations and bitterness heaped upon it knew no bounds. Now, indeed, it is not so; England understands the country better. Many were the trials of poor Margaret's fidelity; and when she entered the long straggling village of Hammersmith, she had already discovered that ten pounds was not the inexhaustible fund she had imagined—travelling for the poor in England and Ireland were two distinct things. She presented herself at the door of the fashionable oculist, and her letter of introduction—the letter, one of the last her good friend had written—gained her immediate admittance.

"Several weeks" must elapse, the doctor said, before the child could be couched, and he would perform the operation for the sake of his old friend. "Several weeks," thought Margaret; "and how are we to live? This won't last for ever, and we so far from our own home, where the 'hearty welcome' is in every hand and on every lip. Well, I must work any way I can; and so best; it will keep me from thinking!"

But poor Margaret's work was not London work; spinning and knitting were despised; there were no potatoes to dig, no corn to bind, no turf to clamp. Margaret was for a time at a loss for labour; but it is marvellous to the idle how the industrious will make employment. She was always ready to do a "hand's turn" for her landlady, who discovered that she had an Irishwoman in her house, who, though awkward in "her ways," was clean, active, industrious, and not quarrelsome. This was new, and useful. Under other circumstances, Margaret would have been cheerful; but how could she be cheerful! The Irish disturbances were to be exterminated rather than extinguished; and though she had written to both "priest and minister" concerning her brother—written in her own way, but so as to be intelligible to both—she had received no reply. She had also to bear the galling and ignorant taunts which the lower class of English, for want of knowing better, are too apt to heap upon the inhabitants of their sister kingdom, who work for less, and endure more, than they think right or proper that any body should. But Margaret humbly and faithfully prayed to, and trusted in, God; and though her troubles were many, they were lessened, not increased, by time. She managed, by hard labour, to earn a few shillings each week, so that the remaining portion of the ten pounds remained untouched. "It was intended for her, not me; and God knows what trial may be before her yet, besides the pain, in this strange country." It is a mistake to suppose that the poor Irish set their faces, in those bygone days even, against education; persons who live and observe the peasant part of the community, cannot fail to observe that, on the contrary, they are an exceedingly curious and investigating people, anxious to obtain information in the quickest possible manner, the elders not persevering themselves, but wishing that their children should persevere in "their schooling," if they do so in nothing else. Margaret had a great desire that her blind charge, now nearly eight years old, should learn as much as possible; and when evening came, and her daily labours were terminated, the wash-tub deserted, and the scouring concluded, she would sit down and read to her, not perhaps the sort of books we should recommend now-a-days; but a book was a book to Margaret, no matter what was in it. She read on, until in general she read Evelyn to sleep. She had brought her own Prayer-book with her, a dilapidated "Reading made Easy," "Valentine and Orson," one or two fairy tales, an old "Vester's Arithmetic," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," that had belonged to "Master Garrett." Moreover, there was a volume of O'Halloran's History of Ireland, which she regarded with great veneration, marked with the armorial bearings of the O'Dwyers.

Evelyn never went to sleep when her nurse read her "the Vicar of Wakefield," and she knew the poem of the Dog by heart. This was a consolation to Margaret. At length the doctor intimated his intention of couching one eye, and Evelyn attended with Margaret at his house. The operation was performed to the oculist's satisfaction, who praised the child's extraordinary firmness, and called her nurse into an-

other room, to give her some private directions as to her treatment; having done so, he said in his usually abstracted way, "O'Dwyer, O'Dwyer!—I met a very clever gentleman yesterday of that name; as handsome a young fellow as ever I saw in my life."

"O'Dwyer, a gentleman—handsome, did you say, sir?" asked Margaret, breathless, for whom the whole world contained only one O'Dwyer. "Ah, thin, will yer honour just be pleased to tell me where he is?"

"Why, really, I believe he leaves London to-day, but you cannot possibly know any thing about him, I should think. He has been in foreign service since his boyhood, and came over with General—bah! I never can remember names; should not have remembered him, but that it struck me as being the same as this child's. He seemed very anxious, too, about Irish affairs; first time he had been in these countries for many years."

Even Margaret's strong interest respecting Evelyn's sight was for a few minutes overwhelmed by her desire to hear something more about the "handsome young fellow," who she was certain must be "Master Garrett."

"I can't help thinking," she said, after a pause, "I can't help thinking, please yer honour, that he's yon darlin's father."

"Much too young for that; he cannot be more than four or five and twenty."

"Please yer honour, he was all as one* as a boy when she was born, and the Garretts were always young-looking of their age. I'd give the eyes out of my head to see him, please yer honour."

"My good woman," said the matter-of-fact Englishman, "that would be impossible: if your eyes were out, you could not see him. But I do not think it can be he." His personal beauty seemed to have made a great impression upon the doctor, for he added immediately afterwards, "He certainly is a remarkably fine fellow, and appeared much amused and pleased by the attention which sundry ladies paid him."

"That's natural enough to all Irishmen; indeed, I believe, to men of all countries," said Margaret; "and small blame to them, if the ladies forget themselves so far as to pay gentlemen attention. But did ye hear his Christian name, sir?"

"Not hear it—but I have a note of his somewhere, a line I received yesterday—a question about the utility of a particular glass, which he wants to give to some old soldier."

"That can be no other than himself. Oh, for the love of God, try and find it, sir!" exclaimed Margaret. "Do, yer honour; it might be the saving of my life, the saving of the child; nothing can make you know what a scrap of his writin' would be to me."

"That is, my good woman, supposing it is his writing," replied the gentleman, as with great good nature he tossed over various letters and papers. "Here it is; no: that is not it." Picture to yourself the keen anxiety of Margaret's blue eyes, the trembling of her whole frame, the torrent of hope that burst upon her, the shivering dread lest it might not be "Master Garrett," the reproaches she heaped in her own mind upon the oculist for being tardy and awkward—imagine all this, and then hear the doctor, after unfolding a note and casting his eye down the page, say, "Yes—here it is at last—GARRETT O'DWYER."

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN FRANCE.

GREAT as is the resort of British travellers to Paris, close as is the connection between France and Great Britain, politically, socially, and commercially, vast as is the influence exercised by France in Europe, an astonishing degree of ignorance prevails in this country regarding not only the public men, but also the state of political parties in the Chamber of Deputies, the representative assembly of France, and the potential instrument of its government. A few words, therefore, upon the subject, will scarcely be considered misplaced.

Previous to the revolution of July 1830, there were only two distinct parties in the Chamber of Deputies, the adherents of the existing dynasty of the Bourbons, the defenders of all the measures of the crown, and the advocates of a more popular order of things than was agreeable to the court. The first party ranked as its most distinguished upholders in the Chamber, M. Clauzel de Coussergues and M. de Labourdennaye, and the other, General Foy and Casimir Perier. A yet more liberal section of the latter party was led by M. Benjamin Constant.

The displacement of the elder branch of the reigning house, and the election of the Duke of Orleans, under the title of Louis-Philippe, to the throne—calling the old opposition to power, that opposition which is styled in French publications "the fifteen years' opposition," dating its existence from 1815, the era of the restoration—had the effect of splitting that party into several subdivisions. This was a consequence inevitable from the nature of things. Men may be long and intimately united together in opposing what they deem the harsh exercise of power, who, when they succeed in laying that power prostrate, lose the bond which kept them steadfast to each other, and

endeavour to make that particular opinion to which each was originally, though perhaps unwaveringly, disposed, the predominant feature of the change.

Before proceeding with the immediate object of this article, it may not be inappropriate to state succinctly what is the present constitution of France under the charter promulgated in 1830. 1st, The king, who holds his place by election. His situation is analogous to that of William III. in England, who also was elected; and the same question has been raised there as here, whether the crown is really held by pure election or by right of birth. An order of French politicians has invented the term *quasi-legitimate*, meaning thereby, that, in the absence of the oldest branch, the crown of right fell to the house of Orleans. This discussion, seemingly merely theoretical, is of vast importance, as it involves the point of the sovereignty of the nation, speaking either collectively or through its representatives. Practically, it is at present of little moment, and the monarch of July exercises all the powers of the executive in as full a manner as royalty in this country. 2d, The Chamber of Peers, the members nominated by the king, and holding their station for life only. It possesses a co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Chamber of Deputies; but as it is so immediately dependent on the crown, its legislative character has fallen into disrepute and disregard, and its functions are now mainly invoked for the condemnation of state-criminals. 3d, The Chamber of Deputies, elected in different proportions by the eighty-six departments of France (including Corsica), the elective franchise being vested in those only who pay 200 francs (L.8. 6s. 8d.) per annum of direct taxes. This limitation reduces the constituent body, in a population of 33,000,000, to about 170,000, who compose in fact the middle class in the country, in whom it was the object of the charter to deposit the effective controlling power. The Chamber consists of 459 members; and whilst the ministers of the crown are eligible to sit and vote in it, they are, whether members of it or not, entitled to address the Chamber on government measures from the tribune. The electoral body votes for representatives by ballot, and the decisions of the Chamber are likewise pronounced by black and white balls dropped into an urn, which operation does not seem, however, to prevent the vote of each member being quite well known. An absolute majority of the voters present is indispensable to the adoption of any measure or nomination by the Chamber. Upon the assembling of a new legislature, the Chamber elects for its officers a president, four vice-presidents, four secretaries, and two questors. The control of the public purse is exclusively vested in the deputies, and indeed, practically, the whole system of government is in their hands. Hence the necessity of knowing, as nearly as is practicable, its component but disjointed parts.

The difficulty of giving an accurate picture of the Chamber may be appreciated from the fact of there having been no less than twelve distinct ministries within the last nine years, without mentioning important modifications undergone by them in their careers. The fluctuations of opinion may be easily conceived, from this circumstance alone, to have been very great. In fact, although the same men have been on the stage as leaders for the whole period, they have so changed their positions and modified their opinions and principles from time to time, as to render it nearly impossible to present any one or more among them as the same or nearly the same at any two periods. A slight glance at the different administrations will serve to confirm this statement. The first that was formed after the revolution of 1830 was without a president, but M. Guizot, as minister of the interior, was its most able member. Molé, Dupin, Lafitte, and Perier, belonged to this ministry. In three months it was at an end, and M. Lafitte was placed at the head of a new and more liberal ministry, formed on the 2d November 1830. It gave way to the moderate ministry of Casimir Perier, named president on the 13th March 1831, Soult, Montalivet, and D'Argout, forming part of it. On the 16th May 1832, Perier died of cholera, but his ministry hung on without a president until the 11th October 1832, when Soult became president, and for the first time Thiers and Guizot sat in the same cabinet. This administration underwent two important modifications previous to the 18th July 1834, when Soult was displaced, at the joint request of Thiers and Guizot, and Marshal Gérard became president. On the 27th October 1834, the whole of the ministers resigned; and on the 10th November 1834, the Bassano cabinet was formed, which has become famous in official annals as holding place for only three days. The 18th November witnessed the re-nomination of Thiers and Guizot, under the presidency of Marshal Mortier. In February 1835, Mortier was dismissed, and on the 12th March, Broglie took his place. On the 22d February 1836, the rivalry between Guizot and Thiers having previously attained its height, an entirely new ministry came in, with Thiers president, and Montalivet, d'Argout, Passy and Sauzet, as members. This administration continued until the 25th August of that year, when it resigned, and on the 6th September, Molé and Guizot took office together. On the 7th March 1837, they were outvoted in the Chamber of Deputies, and they resigned. It was not until the 16th April that a new combination was effected, when Molé continued as president, Guizot was definitively dismissed, and Montalivet became minister of the interior. This administration

* The same.

lasted till the beginning of 1839, when, having resigned, after a long ministerial interregnum, Soult was again named president, Passy and Villemain forming part of his cabinet. It is this administration that is now in office. Sauzet at present occupies the presidential chair of the Chamber of Deputies.

From all these changes, it is sufficiently clear that a great variety of opinions must exist among the deputies, and that those numerous ministries have been formed of discordant materials, for the mere purpose of gaining a majority in the Chamber. This fact will be made more clearly perceptible by an allocation of the different parties, and an enumeration of the chief men belonging to each of them, so far as their own declarations or public opinion will enable us to perform the task.

The Chamber of Deputies, then, is composed, in general terms, of four great distinct parties, which, from their positions in the hall of assembly, are styled the right side, the right centre, the left centre, and the left side. These parties are strongly and emphatically divided from each other in principles. The first are Legitimists, or adherents of the old monarchy; the second, adopting the charter and dynasty of 1830, are disposed for a monarchical and aristocratical reaction, as opposed to the further development of the democratic tendency; the third are for giving the charter of 1830 full and unrestricted play; and the fourth advocate electoral reforms in different degrees.

But this enumeration gives only a general, and, in truth, a very inaccurate picture of the actual condition of parties. Each of these main divisions is split into two or more minuter sections; and especially with regard to the bulk of the Chamber formed by the two centres, from which all the ministries have been taken, such personal comminglings have occurred as most materially to modify and even subvert original positions and tendencies. From these minor subdivisions, and especially from these amalgamations, the true state of the Chamber may be represented as follows:—

First, the Legitimists are divided into two portions, chiefly on the point of taking the oath to Louis-Philippe and the charter of 1830, which is required before sitting in the Chamber. Certain of this party, with M. de Chateaubriand at their head, refuse to take the oath, and are therefore excluded. The others maintain they can swear to the requisite formula without being debarred from attempting the subversion of the present order of things. These, therefore, form the extreme right of the Chamber, and represent the principle of the divine supremacy of kings and of all popular liberties being held by royal grace, and not by right. Their number in the Chamber is sixteen or seventeen, but though so small a fraction, they possess a host in the person of M. Berryer, who is gifted with an eloquence quite unrivalled in the assembly. The Legitimist party has three talented organs of its opinions in the Parisian press, the *Gazette de France*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Europe*.

Next to the Legitimists come the Doctrinaires, a title given to a party which holds very speculative opinions on the nature of governments. M. Guizot, one of the most eminent literary men of the present day in France, is at the head of this party. In theory, a highly intellectual and liberal range of thought appears to actuate the Doctrinaires, but in practice they are identified with very rigorous measures against the liberty of the press and the subject. The different attempts at insurrection and regicide that have been made since 1830, have been the pleas for this severity; but it has rendered the party unpopular in France, and it does not number above twenty-five in the Chamber at the present moment. Amidst a deluge of words, with which the Doctrinaires endeavour to elucidate or conceal their actual principles, these may be expressed as tending to the repudiation of the popular element, and to the concentration of power in the hands of men of superior mind, information, and capacity. The distinguished ability and eloquence of M. Guizot give to his section a much greater influence than its numerical force would otherwise entitle it to. The *Journal des Debats* is its principal organ in the press.

The right centre comes next, of which the Doctrinaires are generally considered a component part. Fundamentally, scarcely any difference of opinion exists between them, both being inclined to a reaction adverse to democracy, but in the last administration (that of Molé and Montalivet) a schism occurred; the Doctrinaires taking part against that ministry, and the right centre supporting it. M. de Lamartine, the celebrated poet and traveller, may be considered the principal member of this section, which numbers about thirty. Its journals are *Le Journal de Paris*, *La Paix*, and *Le Journal General*, though not exclusively so.

It is difficult to give a name to the party which follows. It is composed of the adherents of the Molé-Montalivet ministry, and includes draughts from the two centres. It approaches, in fact, as nearly as possible to what has been called the *juste milieu* position. Whilst maintaining the necessity of rendering the government strong and powerful, it recognises in its full extent the control over the executive held by the nation, and exercised by its representatives. It abjures all speculative inquiries into the origin and nature of governments, but adapts its action as expediently as it can to existing circumstances. This is by far the strongest section in the Chamber, and is undoubtedly the representative of the great majority of the middle

class in France. To keep things, foreign and domestic, as they are, is the preponderating feeling in the public mind. A coalition of all the other sections in the Chamber was required to oust this party, and the present ministry is actuated by pretty nearly the same principles, but its members are not so personally distasteful to the ambitious leaders of the assembly. This party, the old ministerial party as it is called, counts about 190 supporters, and with the men of the pure right centre reaches 220 or 221 votes, almost half the Chamber. Although there are some clever men in its ranks, such as Martin (du Nord), Jacqueminot, Cunin-Gridaine, Girod (de l'Ain), &c., it possesses no distinguished orator. The *Charte de 1830* is its chief organ in the press, though the three papers last mentioned may also be taken as its advocates.

We now come to the left centre. M. Thiers and M. Dupin are its stars of first magnitude. This party recognises the sovereignty of the people as a principle, but restricts its exercise to the limits of the charter of 1830. The maintenance of the principles of that charter, and of the dynasty consecrated by it, is in fact the ruling object of the party. In this tendency it is of course joined by the party immediately before described, but the left centre advocates a practical extension of those principles which the other resists as dangerous. In fact, its tendencies are far more liberal, and its adherence to constitutional freedom more firm and unflinching. Thiers and the whole of this party have concurred in restrictions upon the press and the right of meeting, but only under the pressure of threatening circumstances, for they join with an immense majority of the middle class in France in deprecating and resisting to the utmost any violent or sudden displacement of the existing state of things. This party is distinguished also for its inclination to a close alliance with Great Britain, and an antagonistic front to the absolute powers of the north. Its numbers in the Chamber may be estimated at 130. There are different shades of opinion amongst them, for Dupin and Thiers are not agreed on all points, but it is impossible to follow out these minute subdivisions. The journals of the centre-gauche are *Le Temps* and *Le Constitutionnel*.

All the parties that we have hitherto enumerated (with the exception of the Legitimists) adhere to the sacredness of the charter of 1830. We now come to parties who would break in upon that charter. They may be included under the term of "left side," but very different phases of opinion exist amongst them.

First comes the phalanx which was known a few months ago as the dynastic or constitutional opposition. It is led on by a very brilliant speaker, whose character is highly respected in the Chamber, Odillon Barrot. Its principles are an acknowledgment of the dynasty and constitution of 1830, but an assertion of the supreme sovereignty of the people in theory and in right. An extension of the suffrage, and various reforms, but under the ægis of monarchy, are its leading dogmas. A very talented portion of the Parisian press belongs to this party, *Le Siècle*, *Courrier Français*, *Journal du Commerce*, and likewise the *Constitutionnel*. It reckons nearly 60 members in the Chamber. It is difficult to say whether three of the most distinguished men in that assembly, and, indeed, in France, namely, Lafitte, Mauguin, and Arago, are to be counted with Barrot, or with the leader we are about to name, whom they certainly, but perhaps temporarily, joined in 1837.

Last of all comes the extreme left, the advocates of universal suffrage and republicanism. M. Garnier-Pages is their orator and oracle. They number, at the most, 18 in the Chamber. Their journals are *The National*, *Bon Sens*, and *Le Monde*.

Thus we have gone through the entire Chamber of Deputies, and we see of what heterogeneous materials it is composed. The difficulty which all ministers encounter in getting such discordant elements to act in one direction, is a sufficient explication of the frequent changes of administration. Besides, substantial differences of opinion on political matters are evidently not the only stimulants to action amongst the public men in France, but combinations are made, and ministries formed or overthrown, from motives of personal ambition, pique, enmity, or affection, of which it is necessarily impossible to give any rational account. But these personal amalgamations and antagonisms render the task of classing parties and men by principles extremely difficult, for no sooner do the lines of demarcation seem distinctly laid, than new fraternities or estrangements occur, arrangements are all broken up, and the most unforeseen approximations and divergences are the result. So it may fare with all our laboured exposition in a few months, weeks, or even days.

Before leaving the subject altogether, we will hardly be deemed to decrease its interest, if we give what may be called the statistics of the Chamber, as far as documents will enable us to do so. There are nearly 200 members in the Chamber who hold offices under the crown, or are what are styled functionaries, in the different departments of Law, Foreign Office, Home Office, Commerce, Finances, Public Instruction, War, and Marine, and in the Royal and Princely Households. At least, in the Chamber returned in November 1837 there were 182 actual functionaries, and scarcely any material alteration occurred in the spring of 1839. In that Chamber also there sat 71 former cabinet ministers, 41 former functionaries, 2 retired military men,

53 lawyers (besides 80 counted among the placemen), 15 bankers, 57 merchants, and 15 iron-masters. The remainder was made up of literary men (the most distinguished of whom are ranked in other classifications), land-proprietors, agriculturists, notaries, physicians, members of the Institute, &c.

One extraordinary and striking fact may be remarked, namely, that not one of the most influential members of the Chamber belongs to the aristocracy of rank. They have all risen to eminence and distinction in the hierarchy of politics by their celebrity in the republic of letters.

NEW WORK OF MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

"PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS, a Medical Sketch-Book; exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated medical men of former days, with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons"—such is the title of a literary melange, in two volumes, published within the last few days. Not biography—not scientific history—burdened with scarcely any serious object of any kind, this is, nevertheless, we presume, a book well calculated for the times. All the facetious anecdote that has been preserved respecting the British medical men of the last two centuries, is worked up in it. The author has adopted a certain classification of the different departments of his subject. He has a chapter on eccentric medical men, two on the medical men distinguished in literature and science, one on quacks, one (perhaps the most respectably valuable) on the early struggles of eminent medical men, and finally two, respecting living physicians and living surgeons. The book is of that light and amusing kind, which is sure, wherever or whenever taken up, to enliven the passing hour; but a little more careful and judicious reflection might, in our opinion, have improved it considerably. As an example of the carelessness of the author on this point, the reader may compare what he says at p. 132, volume first, as to the fortuitous and extrinsic circumstances which have enabled physicians to attain eminence, with his declaration at p. 9 of volume second, that most eminent physicians have been indebted to their industry, zeal, learning, and perseverance, for their advancement, and that it may reasonably be predicated of all who place these industrious gentlemen before their eyes as models for imitation, that a similar success will crown their exertions. If he has here meant nothing inconsistent, he has certainly not expressed himself with sufficient precision. Let us pass, however, from all serious criticism of a work which only aims at entertaining, and perhaps only the more effectually secures that object, by not containing too much wisdom.

The chapter on quackery is but a sketch of a mighty subject, which volumes would not exhaust; but it is cleverly made up, and very entertaining. In one remark as to the inducements to visit quacks, the writer shows much acuteness—"we like to expect miracles in our own proper person." "There is something piquant," he remarks, "in the disdain for prudence with which we deliver ourselves up to that illegitimate sportsman of human lives, who kills us without a qualification." He acknowledges also, as reasons for the extensive trust in quacks, that health is offered by them at a cheap rate, and that patients are like drowning men who catch at straws. He unhesitatingly confesses, however, that quacks have often wrought cures where others failed, the cause being that the former, demanding implicit faith, work upon the imagination, and thus bring in a moral medication. "It is a singular thing," he says, "that neither thought nor study, nor apprenticeship, nor preparation of any sort, is necessary to accomplish the perfect quack. He springs out at once from obscurity and ignorance, completely consummate. Like Pallas, when she jumped all armed from the brains of Jove, so is the quack. He is cased all over in native brass, from top to toe—armed in scale, like the serpent, and like him, he is not wanting in fangs. Other pursuits require patience, time, reading, and long practice, before the profession is allowed to act. The lawyer studies five years, the surgeon, the physician, the apothecary, the painter, and the sculptor, as many; the shoemaker, the carpenter, the joiner, each has his long period of probation. But the quack has none! He is utterly ignorant of simples. The nature of the commonest herbs are unknown to him. He is ignorant of the alphabet of medicine. Yet he thrives; he runs laughing through (and at) the world.

When we declaim," he adds, "against the iniquity of quacks, we should at the same time laugh to death the folly of those who seek them. They are the cause of quackery. They are as much answerable for the spreading of the vice, as the mother is, who feeds her favourite fool with stolen sweets, and wails over his misdeeds at the gallows. If the gaping blockhead, and vapouring coxcomb, did not loiter and swagger

* London: Longman, Orme, Brown, and Company.

about the streets of London, with pockets crying to be picked, the picker would turn his hand to an useful trade. He would never require either the pump or the tread-mill. The followers of quacks are the cause of quackery. They are the cause of all the atrocious homicides that have ever been committed. One simpleton bears testimony to Mr Quackall's virtues; another to his manners; a third attests his wonderful cures. Nothing was ever so sudden, so certain, or so marvellous! His 'wonderful wonders,' as Mathews justly called them, are the theme of the tea-table, and the gossip of the nursery."

A number of anecdotes of quackery, long past and recent, are hit off by the author with a good deal of comic effect: we extract a few.

"Some time since, a *soi disant* quack doctor sold water of the pool of Bethesda, which was to cure all complaints, if taken at the time when the angel visited the parent spring, on which occasion the doctor's bottled water manifested, he said, its sympathy with the fount, by being thrown into a state of perturbation. Hundreds of fools were induced to purchase the Bethesda water, and watched for the commotion and the consequence with the result to be expected. At last one, less patient than the rest, went to the quack, and complained that though he had kept his eye constantly on the water for a whole year, he had never yet discovered any thing like the signs of an angel in his bottle.

'That's extremely strange,' exclaimed the doctor; 'what sized bottle did you buy, sir?'

Patient. A half-guinea one, doctor.

Doctor. Oh, that accounts for it. The half-guinea bottles contain so small a quantity of the invaluable Bethesda water, that the agitation is scarcely perceptible; but if you buy a five-guinea bottle, and watch it well, you will in due time see the commotion quite plainly, sympathising with that of the pool when visited by the angel.

The patient bought the five-guinea bottle as advised, and kept a sharp look-out for the angel until the day of his death."

"Mantaccini, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title, of 'the celebrated Dr Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a single touch, or a simple look.'

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as 'the celebrated Dr Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.' To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common churchyard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumour and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet fearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. 'You know nothing of mankind,' said the quack to his servant; 'be quiet.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—'Sir, the great operation which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself.' In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, 'Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore tran-

quillity to the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive the dead*, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.' This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr Mantaccini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.

Among our notices of distinguished quacks, we must not omit to mention the celebrated Count Cagliostro and his lady. They pretended to a knowledge of a practice, whereby everlasting youth might be obtained. The roses were to flourish in unabated beauty upon the cheek of age without the aid of cosmetics.

This couple first made their *début* at St Petersburg; the countess, who was not more than twenty, used to speak, without the least affection, of her eldest son, who had been for a long time a captain in the Dutch guards. This phenomenon of grinding old people young, in so visible and charming a manner, could not fail to astonish the ladies. They flocked to consult her; she advised them to use the count's nostrum. Treasures flowed in: true, the ladies did not grow young again, but their lovers assured them they did; and Cagliostro was almost deified.

So well did this worthy couple play this game, that a great Russian prince became sensible to the charms of the countess. The empress heard of it; she summoned the syren to her presence. The countess lied so well and so audaciously, that it passed for currency, and her absence was bought by a present of 20,000 roubles! A Russian mother, whose child was dying, gave 5000 louis d'ors to recover it: the count engaged to do so, if he were allowed to take it home for eight days; the child was returned healthy and well, but it did not happen to be the same; he had bought one, after having burnt the original child that would die, to make an experiment of regeneration: all this he confessed. The money was required back, but the usual answer, 'No money returned,' was the result. They then favoured Warsaw with a visit, and adroitly enlisted on their side the priests and the poor. At this city, and at Paris, these impostors realised large sums of money. Morality and decency forbid us from entering into a minute detail of the abominations which they had recourse to, in order to effect their nefarious purposes.

An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills, of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation, was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was, confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple-seeds retained in his bowels; and, again, he would tell another that he had kernels of different fruits and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen, he could ascertain that they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, the quack's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered, after taking a dose of the 'big pills.' At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to this celebrated quack for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and, more than all, that her doctor was a fool; and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but, nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy, if he would make known to her the complaint. 'Why,' says he, 'you have got lemon-seeds in you—you must take some of my "big pills," and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again.' 'Why, doctor,' said the lady in amazement, 'I have not eaten a lemon these six years, and what you say is quite impossible.' 'No matter, madam; if you have not ate a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills, you can be satisfied yourself.' The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon-seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and, behold! a *lemon seed in its centre*—the secret truly of the doctor's astonishing wisdom and successful practice.

No subject," the author adds, "calls more loudly for the interference of the legislature than that of quackery. Yet, the question has so many ridiculous sides, that the public, while they laugh, allow imposition of the most palpable kind to flourish and succeed. It is indeed characteristic of this nation, that the grossest public injuries affecting the state, or the public health, are overlooked, while they afford materials for joke and merriment. When, in gazing into a print-shop, we see the representation of a patient who has been dosed, *usage ad nauseam*, with the 'vegetable pills,' sprouting out in luxuriant vegetation, as the effect of the medicine taken, to look 'grave, exceeds all power of face' and the misery, wretchedness, pain, and death, which we know to have resulted from the use of

the nostrum, is forgotten in the midst of the ridiculous ideas which the print excites in our mind."

"Having considered the question in all its ramifications, the writer [of an article in the Medical Gazette for March 1839] considers that to diminish quackery three things are especially required:—

1st. The improvement of our art. This will lessen the number of those who take nostrums from despair. It is by advancing the art which he practises, that every one must strive to show that his long and expensive education has bestowed upon him a privilege, which the legislature need not guard by penalties—the privilege of discernment.

2dly. The diffusion of knowledge on medical points, with particular reference to the danger of many drugs, and the absurdity of using any at random, by drawing them from the wheel of chance at a patent-medicine shop. This will diminish the number of those who fall into the clutches of the charlatan from ignorance and caprice.

3dly. It is necessary to make good advice accessible to every one. Clubs or societies for the insurance of health must be formed on easy terms, and this will withdraw thousands who now fall a sacrifice through poverty."

With the above observations we fully concur; and if the profession could be persuaded to take the proffered advice, and act up to it with spirit, the infamous hydra-headed monster would receive a mortal blow, and both the public and the faculty would be greatly benefited by the result."

SIR WOODBINE PARISH ON SOUTH AMERICA.*

THE Republic of La Plata comprises the whole of that vast central portion of South America lying between Brazil and the Cordillera of Chile and Peru, and extending from the 22d to the 41st degree of south latitude. In this space are included not less than 726,000 square miles English of territory. The country, however, is thinly peopled over its whole extent, the numbers of its inhabitants ranging between 600,000 and 700,000. Of this immense region, Sir Woodbine Parish, who was long charge d'affaires for Great Britain at Buenos Ayres, gives, in the work before us, a concise yet comprehensive account, in which the past history, the present political and statistical condition, and the various geographical and geological features of the country generally, as well as of its many provinces individually, are laid clearly before the reader. To attempt to follow Sir Woodbine methodically over so wide a field as this, would be improper here. Greater justice will be done to the work, and more satisfaction given to the reader, by making a few extracts, isolated though the character of these must of necessity be.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of the republic of La Plata, of course receives a large share of our author's notice. It has long been a considerable commercial port, and now contains about 200,000 inhabitants, of whom all but a very small proportion are of white or European descent. The city stands on the south bank of the estuary of La Plata, and is built in the accurate fashion usually prescribed by the Council of Spain, resembling a draught-board more than any thing else. Buenos Ayres is one of the few places in South America, where the overturn of the Spanish authority has as yet been productive of any decided benefit. The great number of Europeans who have come to settle in the city of late years, is the chief cause of this improvement. The work before us states that the foreigners who had fixed themselves in and around Buenos Ayres, in the year 1832, amounted to no less than from 15,000 to 20,000 persons, and of these two-thirds were British and French. The natives, nevertheless, still cling with obstinacy to many of their old prejudices and customs. Sir Woodbine found them bitterly opposed to chimneys when he went there first; they preferred their old braziers or warming-pan sort of utensils, in spite of perpetual risk of suffocation by charcoal, and in spite, also, of perpetual warnings of such a danger. But these and other similar prepossessions had greatly disappeared before our author's departure. Other regular and fixed annoyances, however, will not so readily disappear from Buenos Ayres, depending, as they do, upon the site and climate of the place. Whether Shakspeare had any definite meaning in making Hamlet say, "I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw," we shall not take upon us to say; but circumstances related by Sir Woodbine respecting Buenos Ayres show that in some situations the north-north-west and south may be respectively mad and sane winds. On the north-north-west of Buenos Ayres lies the marshy province of Entre Rios, and a wind coming over that province upon the city produces strange effects. "The irritability and ill humours it excites in some people (says our author) amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing to see men among the better classes shut themselves up in their houses during its continuation, and lay aside all business till it has passed; while, among the lower orders, it is a fact

* Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of La Plata, by Sir Woodbine Parish, K. C. H. 1 vol. John Murray, London.

known to the police that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more frequent during the north wind than any other time. In illustration of this, I shall quote a case in point, the account of which I received from one of the most eminent medical men in the country, who had paid particular attention, during a practice of more than thirty years, to its influence upon the human system." Sir Woodbine then relates an anecdote concerning a man named Garcia, executed for murder. "He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and in general rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners. His countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuation, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; 'but,' he observed, 'it was the north wind,' not he, that shed all this blood." The dying criminal described the wind as exciting in him headache, impatience, and an uncontrollable desire to take umbrage at every person around him, through which latter incitement he had become a shedder of blood. His friends corroborated his statement, and averred that when the wind ceased, "he would deplore his weakness, and never rested until he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had hurt or offended." If his mad anger had not indeed been fatal to them.

Almost every inhabitant of Buenos Ayres suffers from this northerly wind, though not to such an extent as in the preceding case; and the natives often walk the streets during its prevalence with large split beams stuck upon their temples, as a supposed antidote to the evil effects of the gale on the brain. A south-wester, coming from the parched *pampas* or vast plains on the south-west of Buenos Ayres, cures the disorder, "sweeping away the northern incubus in a few seconds." The south-wester, or *pampero* as it is called, usually comes with extraordinary suddenness and force, and often produces, in consequence, most ludicrous effects. It is customary for the languid population, oppressed by the north wind, to creep down to the riverside, and "there they may be seen, hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children, sitting together up to their necks in the water, just like so many frogs in a marsh. If a *pampero* breaks, as it often does, unexpectedly upon such an assembly, the scramble and confusion which ensues may be better imagined than told. Fortunate are those who may have taken an attendant to watch their clothes, for, otherwise, long ere they can get out of the river, every article of dress is flying before the gale." At times this gale is attended with less laughable results. "Not infrequently the *pampero* is accompanied by clouds of dust from the parched *pampas*, so dense as to produce total darkness, in which I have known instances of bathers in the river being drowned ere they could find their way to the shore. I recollect, on one of these occasions, of a gang of twenty convicts, who were working at the time in irons on the beach, making their escape in the dark from their guards, by whom they were never retaken." When a shower occurs during the existence of these dusty gales in the air, the rain is so much blackened as to resemble a fall of ink, or rather liquid blacking.

The *pampas*, which have been incidentally mentioned, merit more particular notice, especially as they have evidently been objects of close attention to Sir Woodbine Parish, whose position as vice-president of the London Geographical Society affords some proof of his qualifications for investigating such subjects. The *pampas* form a vast level space, extending to the shores of La Plata from the eastern terminations of the Andes, and our author conceives that the whole space may once have been a delta, intersected by numerous streams from the Andes, and that these streams carried down alluvial matter in such quantities as to make the whole in time one level tract. Sir Woodbine was fortunate enough to discover the remains of some novel monsters of an extinct breed, buried in these alluvial deposits, on the abundant pastures of which they once doubtless fed and fattened, long ere the earth was given up to man's dominion. Many small and isolated portions of the gigantic sloth, termed the *megatherium* (formerly described in this periodical), were found in the *pampas*, and sent home to England by our author; and he also had the pleasure of procuring one skeleton of the same animal, in a great measure entire. When our readers remember that this creature had a fore-foot fully one yard long, they will better conceive the extraordinary interest attached to a nearly complete *megatherium* skeleton, no perfect one having been yet found. Sir Woodbine Parish also discovered in the *pampas* several bones, which confirmed the curious fact that these extinct monsters were rendered still more bulky and unwieldy by having large cases of bony armour enclosing their frames. One perfectly new, or at least previously unknown, creature of this order, is described, and a drawing of it given in the work before us. From two Greek words indicative of the sculptured or fluted form of its teeth, Sir Woodbine has suggested for this extinct animal the name of the *Glyptodon*. The skeleton, which was found nearly

whole in a marsh to the south of Buenos Ayres, measures in length eight and a half feet, and about three feet six inches in height. The drawing in the work gives us an idea of a most extraordinary animal; the whole of the frame, with the exception of the head, the feet, and some of the tail bones of the spine, being concealed by an enormous plate of bone thrown over the body as a horse-cloth is thrown over a horse, and open behind and beneath, where its edges are pendant, and not connected with anything. This bony case, however, fits closely round the neck. Altogether, the skeleton is of a barrel shape, though, if the outer case were taken off, the appearance would be nearly that of common quadrupedal skeletons, with spinal column, ribs, and leg-bones composing the osseous frame. Buckland and others had determined that the *megatherium* must have been provided with a bony coat of armour, and the discovery of the *glyptodon*, a creature, unquestionably, of the *megatherium* family, affords ample corroboration of the conjecture which these geologists had been induced to form. In the sketch before us, the feet have been added conjecturally, but "the form and structure of the tooth (says our author) indicate its adaptation to masticate vegetable substances of the softer kind; and the animal must have been provided with claws suitable to the digging up of esculent roots, reeds, &c." The discovered *glyptodon* itself will soon, Sir Woodbine hopes, be in Britain, where it cannot but afford a rich treat to every scientific inquirer. He also hopes that the *pampas* may yet yield many such treasures, and this hope will, we trust, be realised. By the prosecution of studies of this nature, man's intellectual power is more nobly and fully displayed than it could be in any other way. Gradually are we over-leaping through these studies the barrier of ages—penetrating into the mysteries of periods far removed from all human records—and acquiring a complete knowledge of the primeval earth, its aspect, and all that its surface displayed, vegetable or animal, of the "old sea" with its numberless inhabitants, and even of the air with all the "fowls of heaven"—though oblivion may be said to have long cast its veil over all. This is indeed to overcome time, and almost to make ourselves denizens of eternity.

We cannot, perhaps, more satisfactorily show the value of the contents of the present work, than by confining our remaining notices of it to the section on the Trade of the republic of La Plata, or rather of Buenos Ayres, since it is through the capital that the commerce of the country is almost entirely conducted. This is a subject of great interest in these emigrating times, for Buenos Ayres affords an excellent field for the enterprise of Europeans; and it is satisfactory to think, that, while exerting themselves there to the betterment of their own fortunes, they never fail to confer equal good on the place and its native residents. For example—"Amongst other improvements which Buenos Ayres owes to foreigners (says Sir Woodbine Parish), she is indebted to some enterprising Englishmen for the introduction of late years of a new source of wealth, which bids fair to rival in importance the most valuable of her old staple commodities. It is but a few years ago since the wool of the Buenos-Ayres sheep was hardly worth the expense of cleaning; and as to the meat, I doubt whether the wild dogs would have touched it. It is well known that their carcasses dried in the sun were used for fuel in the brick-kilns. The great pains, however, and exertions of some intelligent foreigners to introduce and cultivate a better breed, has met with a success beyond all expectation, and now promises to be of the greatest importance to the future commercial prospects of the country. The rapid increase in the value of this article of production will be shown by the following comparative account of the quantities which have been imported into Great Britain alone, in the last eight years." In 1830, the amount was 19,444 lbs. weight; in 1831, it had risen to 207,143 lbs.; in 1832, to 1,073,416 lbs.; and in 1837, to 2,207,951 lbs. To make the increase more plainly apparent, it may be stated, that the quantity from 1830 to 1833 (inclusive) was in all 269,190 lbs.; and from 1834 to 1837 (inclusive) 5,343,319 lbs. Besides this wool-exportation to Britain, nearly a million and a half pounds were sent in one year, 1835, to the United States. Two individuals, Mr Sheridan and Mr Harratt, were the main creators of this trade, affording another proof of what the energies of single human beings can compass, when judiciously expended. Here is a traffic founded, which not only has made fortunes fairly to its originators, but which will benefit millions in years to come.

Great Britain supplies, it would appear, the great proportion of the goods imported into Buenos Ayres, since the republic attained its independence. In 1822, the whole imports amounted to 11,267,622 Spanish dollars in value, and of this sum 5,730,952 dollars constituted the proportion of British goods. Of late years, Britain has supplied goods in nearly the same proportional quantities, when compared with the imports from other countries; but the rise of Monte Video on the northern side of the La Plata estuary, has considerably affected the Buenos-Ayres trade, as regards the supplying of foreign goods to the internal provinces. Sir Woodbine Parish remarks, that "by far the greatest part of the British imports into Buenos Ayres consist of the plain and printed calicoes and cloths, which, as I have just stated, are become of the first necessity to the lower orders in this part of South America; the cheaper we produce them, the more they will take; and thus it is that every improvement

in our machinery at home, which lowers the price of these manufactures, tends to contribute (we hardly perhaps know how much) to the comforts of the poorer classes in these remote countries." There is much truth in this observation, though to "every improvement in our machinery" the writer might have joined "every decrease in the burdens on our manufacturing industry," by which latter cause the same effect, most certainly, would be produced.

In consequence of the Rio de la Plata being no longer the outlet by which Bolivia and others of the numerous provinces once under the Spanish dominion send their precious metals and their general produce to foreign countries, the tabular statements of yearly exports from Buenos Ayres do not present any striking increase of late years. But this is in appearance only. Considering that the port now depends greatly on its own produce, and that of its own internal provinces, the recent improvement has been really extensive. The exports in 1837 amounted in value to 5,637,138 dollars. Ox-hides constitute by far the most important article in the export trade, as will appear from the fact that more than three millions of the sum mentioned was for these hides. The whole history of the ox and horse tribes in South America is curious. They were brought first thither by the Spaniards, but in numbers so scanty, that, after Peru became a Spanish province, 10,000 dollars were offered and refused in that country for a single horse. A pair of swine, at the same time, were sold for 1600 dollars. "Two Portuguese gentlemen, brothers, of the name of Goa, came to Assumption in 1555, having with them a bull and eight cows, the origin of that mighty stock of cattle which now forms the wonder of the provinces of La Plata." From half a dozen horses turned loose on the *Pampas*, came the breed of that animal, now so abundant also. Some of the oxen having escaped into the country, they there multiplied immensely in a few years; and though the Spaniards occasionally hunted them for their hides, the destruction was as nothing to the increase. "Superabundance led to waste to an enormous extent; a guacho would kill an ox for the tongue, or any other part of the animal he might fancy for his dinner, and leave the rest of the carcass to be destroyed by the vultures or by the wild dogs." The government was obliged at last to take strong measures to stop these evils, for the value, actual and prospective, of the hide trade, was obvious. The *pampas* are now laid out in regular divisions or *estancias*, and cattle-proprietors mark their stock in such a way as to know them from others. "Of the hundreds of thousands of cattle now reared in these lands, there is hardly, perhaps, a single animal of a year old, which is not branded with the mark of an owner." In the Buenos Ayres province alone, there are supposed to be from three to four millions of cattle. The number of exported ox-hides amounts to about a million, and would have been much greater of late years, it is probable, had it not been for the occurrence of the severe droughts of 1830, 1831, and 1832. In these years, little less than two millions of cattle perished from want of water, and the country was long white with their bones.

These gleanings show but imperfectly the value of the work which Sir Woodbine Parish has produced on La Plata; but we heartily recommend our readers to judge further for themselves by the perusal of the volume. Several plates accompany the text, and also a map, prepared by Arrowsmith from authorities collected by Sir Woodbine, and comprising a minute view of South America from the tropic of Capricorn to Cape Horn. This map will begeth, there is little doubt, be a standard guide on this portion of South American geography. It is sold separately.

SAMUEL WINGRAVE, THE TOBACCONIST.

ONE important cause of breach of trust in servants and others is rarely adverted to—want of sufficient vigilance and superintendence in masters. A young person, of unestablished principles, put into a situation of trust, where the conduct of his employer shows plainly that there is scarce a possibility of his being detected if he should make a trespass, is not done justice to; and his error, if he do err, is in large part to be ascribed to his superior. Not that we would have the culprit too easily excused, but that we would have masters do their duty in watchfulness, do we make this remark. The master is bound in duty to exercise a proper degree of care over his concerns, in order that all hope of safe criminality may be forbidden in his subordinates; and if he fails in this duty, we hold that he is himself guilty of a very great offence against society, that of leading its members into temptation, and perilling their best interests, in a business from which he is to be the chief profitter. Some years ago, there occurred a singular case of this nature, which we shall detail, in the hope of impressing the more forcibly the principle here laid down.

Mr Samuel Wingrave was a respectable tobacconist in a large town, the name of which need not be specified. He had advanced to middle life, and had been in business for considerably more than thirty years, when an important incident signalled his career. For the greater period of his shop-keeping life, he had in his employment but one person, who had grown as necessary to him as his daily food, and who was, in fact, the chief manager of the business. Mr Wingrave himself was decidedly an industrious man, but, from constitutional indolence, and early defects of training,

he was incapable of conducting his affairs in that systematic way which is almost indispensable to success. All the system which the tobaccoist's establishment displayed was ascribable to the trusty shopman, Richard, or Dick Jackson, as his master styled him, though Dick was scarcely a younger man than his superior.

"Dick," said Mr Wingrave one day to his shopman, in the confidential way in which he was always wont to treat the latter, "Dick, I am growing old, and I begin to have uneasy thoughts that didn't use to trouble me before. What is the reason, think you, that I have never been able to lay up money like my neighbours?" Mr Jackson appeared posed by this question, but, after a pause, he replied, "You have brought up a pretty large family." "True," said the tobaccoist, "but so have some of my neighbours, who have not appeared to do more business than I, and yet they have laid up money, although living more expensively than I have ever done. Ah, Dick, I have been too indolent and heedless—that, I suppose, is the true state of the case. And now I am getting old, without having made a purse for any of my boys and girls." So ended this conversation, but the feeling expressed was not so easily removed from Mr Wingrave's mind.

Mr Wingrave and his shopman Jackson had long managed the business alone, and, of course, during the master's necessary terms of absence, the other had been left by himself in the shop. But on attaining a fit age, the tobaccoist's eldest boy was taken in as a sharer in the toils of tobacco-selling, and by this means the shop was seldom left to the sole management of either master or man. The boy in question, as it chanced, was intelligent, active, and quick-eyed, and shortly after the occurrence of the brief dialogue just recorded, he noticed an incident which forcibly struck and surprised his youthful perceptions. Having received a crown piece of a new coinage, or at least fresh from the mint, he examined it attentively ere he deposited it in the till. On returning soon after from some call of duty, he again felt a desire to look at the glittering piece, and sought it for this purpose. To his great surprise, it was not to be seen. Being certain that no one had been in the shop in the interval, excepting Jackson, the boy naturally inquired of him "if he had seen the pretty crown piece they got a little ago." The old shopman replied in the negative, and remarked that it would probably have been given away in change. But the youth was almost confident that such could not have been the case. He was, as has been said, quick-eyed for his years, and the conclusion which he could not but form was, that Jackson alone could have touched the missing coin, after it was laid in the drawer.

Young Wingrave did as very few boys of fourteen would have done under the circumstances. Assured that a boy's observation would never have been put in the balance against Jackson's long-sustained credit, he did not inform his father of the crown piece incident, but set himself assiduously to the task of discovering whether such disappearances of silver were of common occurrence. He secretly marked different coins in such a way as to be readily distinguishable again by himself, though not by others, and watched their fate after their consignment to the till. It was long ere the boy attained to a satisfactory result, and it was amazing how much perseverance and secretiveness he displayed in pursuing his object. But, in the end, without having yet communicated with a human being on the point, he became perfectly assured that Jackson was in the regular habit of abstracting money from the drawer in small quantities at a time!

Knowing that Jackson had no claim or authority to do this, being paid a quarterly salary, the boy refrained no longer from informing his father of what he had observed. At first the old tobaccoist laughed outright at the intelligence, and declared the whole to be an absurdity. "What! Dick Jackson steal, and steal from me! Impossible!" But the persevering assertions of the boy, and his distinct account of the close watchings which had led him to the conclusion, staggered the tobaccoist's faith at last, although absolute conviction might not be produced. The son proposed secretly and cautiously to repeat his coin-markings with the father's cognisance, and to this course of proceeding the latter agreed. The issue was, that Mr Wingrave was brought in a week or two to the clear and firm assurance that the man whom he had so long trusted was in the regular practice of pilfering from the contents of the till. This conviction caused much pain to Mr Wingrave, and it also excited much doubt and conjecture as to the past; seeing that no one could determine at what time the system of peculation had begun, and to what extent it had proceeded. One thing was obvious, that Jackson's course required to be brought to a close.

Being a man of little penetration or activity of mind, it was perhaps well for the tobaccoist that he thought of consulting an intimate friend and relative, a person "learned in the law," and still more deeply versed in the learning of common sense, upon the subject of Jackson's delinquencies. By this friend's advice the matter was kept secret, and Jackson was privately sent for to the presence of the only three parties acquainted with the discovery, namely, Wingrave, his son, and the lawyer. It would have been hard for any spectator of this interview to say whether the tobaccoist or his faithless servant exhibited most distress in entering on the subject of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that Jackson at the outset denied his guilt, though with a guilty

bearing and countenance. But when Wingrave and the boy went over the proofs of his crime which they had severally and conjointly collected, and the lawyer at the same time declared that they would be recognised as full and decisive criminatory evidence by the law, the treacherous shopman fell upon his knees in an agony of fear, and prayed in the most abject manner for mercy. This, of course, the tobaccoist would not consent to, without a full confession of the length of time he had carried on his peculations, and the extent, if it could be told, to which they had gone. In the terrors of the moment, Jackson confessed all. His thefts had begun almost with his entrance to Wingrave's service, and had since continued without intermission, the wretched old man declaring that in the end he had lost all sense of guilt, and had come to regard whatever he took as fairly his own. "But let me go home," exclaimed he, "and for pardon and concealment I will give up all I possess in the world." The simple tobaccoist would at once have consented to this, but the lawyer, who knew human nature better, and put little confidence in compulsory repentance, required Jackson to give up the keys of his repositories, and to inform them where his money was placed. The hesitation with which the criminal complied with this demand, though it might partly arise from the involuntary struggles of that avarice by which he had been drawn into guilt, justified the lawyer's caution. The shopman, however, gave up his keys, and stated that the fruits of his thefts would be found in one escritoire, in the shape of bank receipts. Having received proper authority from its miserable proprietor, the lawyer then sent to Jackson's lodgings for the escritoire in question.

When this article was brought, it was found to contain a number of receipts from different banks, among which, to avoid suspicion, Jackson had distributed his stolen funds. On seeing the very large amount of the sums for which these papers were the vouchers, the tobaccoist experienced mingled feelings. He was shocked to think that he had been so long at the mercy of a man who was capable of robberies to such an extent, and he could not but feel pleasure at the thought that these large sums were undeniably his own. Jackson sat with his self-dishonoured grey head bent to the ground, while his secret repository was undergoing examination. A question from his master made him raise his eyes and speak. "All is there," said he huskily, "and more than all. My own small savings are in these bills also. I have enjoyed nothing, either from my own means, or—your, but the pleasure of hoarding." The melancholy or rather despairing tone in which these words were uttered, softened the heart of the simple tobaccoist; and had he not been restrained by the presence of others, he would have done and said more at the moment than prudence or a just liberality could have sanctioned.

We are not aware that Mr Wingrave reflected as he ought to have done on his own share of blame; but he was so far just towards one whom we cannot but look on as in some measure the victim of his carelessness, that he returned to Jackson his own savings, amounting to a sum by no means inconsiderable, and allowed him to withdraw from the country. He did not for many years disclose the circumstances; but not having heard what became of the culprit afterwards, we cannot say whether this tenderness was of any service to him. The sum recovered by Wingrave, amounting to several thousand pounds, became a fair endowment to his family at his death.

A WHALE-CHASE.

On the 25th of June 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the Resolution, of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the fast-boat, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour, the fast-boat, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes' sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance, by means of a spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however, we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down, while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely a hundred yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice; the oars were thrown down; the crew leaped overboard; the bow of the boat was buried in the water; the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern, was the means of its loss; and a

"Giving a whale the boat" as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat is termed, is a scheme not infrequently practised by the fisher when in want of line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the fish, and still has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. It is only practised in open ice or at fields.

tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat, by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation; but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the fast-boat, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upwards, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us that we no longer retained any hold of it; we therefore set all the sail the ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward: a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still fast, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish, and this, with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack, with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when fourteen lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast boat, a slight entanglement of the line broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and twenty-eight lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of three and a half English miles; value, with the boat, above £150 sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of the fish must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable, the weight of lines alone being thirty-five hundred weight.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately, fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sail; though it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each (a very inadequate supply), they, together with the one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the fish saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were plied against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success an attack upon a whale, which exhibited the most uncommon determination to escape from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength, of any individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After all, it may seem surprising that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while those affording twelve feet bone are not uncommon. The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture was singularly great. It amounted, altogether, to 10,440 yards, or nearly six

It has been frequently observed, that whales of this class are the most active of the species; and that those of very large growth are in general captured with less trouble.

English miles. Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropped out before the whale was killed.—*Captain Scoresby's Voyage.*

THE HISTORY OF AN AULD NAIG.

AMONGST a few papers contributed some years ago to a London annual by the Ettrick Shepherd, and which (no opportunity having occurred for using them) have been transferred to us, is one under the above title. The author mentions that, being at a Scottish rural fair, held near the Roxburghshire village of St Boswell's, he was greatly amused by a specimen of low bargain-making which he saw going on in a tent, with respect to an old hard-featured nag (in Scottish phrase *naig*), which was standing whishing his tail on the village street. "His owner, the very prince and hero of all vulgarity, was sitting," says the writer, "on a form, holding by the halter, guzzling ale, and taking at least a quarter of a pound of bread at every bite. He was trying to sell the veteran steed to four others of the same class, who were manifestly intending to overreach him, yet at the same time they could not help regarding him as a sort of natural curiosity. Such a group, taking in the horse and all, I never beheld! The following is a literal specimen of a part of their dialogue:—

'Come noo, maister, let us hear what ye're gaun to say about the naig! Are ye gaun to tak' the thretty shillings for him or no?'

'Thretty shillings, mun!—thretty pipe-stapples! Aw wadna tak' your twa-pund-ten for him; as sure as death, aw wudna. He's a horse that, mun, that'll gang up hill an' down hill, through fire an' water, yird an' stane, an' never an ill word in his head—it's as sure as death, mun. He's a horse that'll never stand still wharever he gangs to. Thretty shillings! Aw wudna luk on the side o' the gate ye're on, mun, wi' your thretty shillings.'

'The only thing aw feared for,' said one of the proposing purchasers, 'is, that we'll no get him hame for dogs' meat. Whar did ye pick him up, for awm sure ye canna ha'e brought him far?'

'Aw think nae shame to tell whar aw gat him, mun! Aum name o' that sort!—ay, nor what aw ga'e for him neither. Aw coft him on the tap o' the street in the Gersemerkat o' Edinbrough, frae auld Peter Dods, the coal-cawer, a gayan quirky carle. Aw thought the horse liftit his feet gayan weel, for aum never at a loss to see what's what; and sae aw says, "Peter, whar are ye axin' for the auld beast?" "Thretty shillings," says he. "Thretty puffs o' tobacco reek, mun!" says I. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, wha kens better. But come awa into Newbigging's, an' we'll ha'e a bottle o' yill. It'll no brik us baith." As sure as death, aw said sae. "It'll no brik us baith, Peter," says I. "Weel, we gets the yill. An' now, Peter," says I, "aum name o' the kind o' folks wha mak' a great whitty-whattying an' arglebargaining about a thing, however big the soom. Aum just gaun to lay ye down five-an'-twenty shillings for the naig, tak' it or want it."

'Five-an'-twenty puffs o' tobacco reek!' quo' the auld mockrie carle. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, lad, wha kens better. But aw'll tell ye what aw'll do wi' ye; aw'll just tak' it." An' wi' that he nippit up my five-an'-twenty shillings, an' pat it in his pouch wi' a girm. "An' now, lad," says he, "the siller's mine, an' the beast's yours, an' ye're very welcome to him."

Od, sir, aw thought aw was fairly snappit, an' the very countenance o' me rase as it had been set in a love. "If ye hae cheatis me wi' that beast, billy," says I, "aw'll scorn to loup back or gang to the law wi' ye, however great may be my loss. But aw promise ye a good threshin', an' I'll keep my word too. Only tell me this: is the beast no a good beast?"

'Gin he be a good beast, ye'll be the better o' him," says he, an' aff he gangs laughin', and turnin' the quid in his cheek.

Aw was verra sair dung down; but what could aw do! My siller was gane; sae aw took my beast, an' pat him into the Meadow Park. Aw coudna sleep a wink that night wi' thinking about my bargain. "Aum sair, sair taken in," thinks I; "for if the beast be useless, there aw hae to pay auld Gray aughtenpence a-night for his gerse, an' that's mair nor aw can gain through the day; an' the best thing aw can do is to gie him again to auld Peter for naething. It's as sure as death." Weel, as soon as it was daylight, aw sets wi' a heavy heart to look after my beast, an' soon fand him feedin' close to the hedge; sae aw lays ma lugs i' ma neck to listen, an' there is he ruggin' an' rivin' an' crumchun' away at nae allowance. "There is some hope here yet," thinks I; "for gin a beast dinna eat weel, it'll never work weel," an' wi' that aw gie's my apron a blatter at him; an' aw'll be the greatest leaser ever was born if he didna spang up i' the air like a wild deer, till aw thought he was gaun to loup over the chimla taps—as sure as death aw did. An' then he cockit up his head an' his tail till the twasome met together, an' he ga'e three skeerds o' snorts till a' the Mope-park-end yelled again. "There he goes that never saw the morn!" cries I. "There's mair mettles

there by a hunder times than ony body wad think! An' aw'll tell ye what it is, ma jolly auld rogue: aw'll no tak ony man's twa-pund-ten for ye, gin he war to lay it down this day! As sure as death, aw say sae. An' that's how aw cam by the auld naig."

CHIDHER.

[FROM FRANKER RUCKERT.]*

Spoke Chidher the immortal, the ever young;
I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung;
I asked, How long has the city been here?
He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
There was always a city on this spot,
And so there will be, till Time is not.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before
I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen;
A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
His flocks were browsing the herbage green;
I asked, How long has the city been gone?
He said, while still on his pipe he played—
Fresh flowers spring up, as the others fade,
Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea, with billows crested;
A man was shooting his fishing gear,
And, as from the heavy draught he rested,
I asked, How long has the sea been here?
He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke:
As long as these waves in foam have broke,
It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,
And a woodman old in its shadows drear;
The strokes of his axe broke the silence round:
I asked, How old is the forest here?

He said, All the days of my life I've known
This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
'Mong trees, that ever were growing or grown.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday:
I asked, What time was the city founded?
The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they?
They cried, of my question taking no thought,
'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be, till time is not.

And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
I'll be standing upon that spot once more.

* The translator informs us that this piece has already appeared in a newspaper.

THE TREAD-MILL.

A prisoner may be a tailor, a watch-maker, a book-binder, a printer, totally unaccustomed to any such species of labour. Such a man may be cast into jail at the end of August, and not tried till the March following: is it no punishment to such a man to walk up hill like a turnspit dog, in an infamous machine, for six months? and yet there are gentlemen who suppose that the common people do not consider this as punishment!—that the gayest and most joyous of human beings is a treader, untired by a jury of his countrymen, in the fifth month of lifting up the leg, and striving against the law of gravity, supported by the glorious information which he receives from the turnkey, that he has all the time been grinding flour on the other side of the wall. * * * The labour of the tread-mill is irksome, dull, monotonous, and disgusting to the last degree. A man does not see his work, does not know what he is doing, what progress he is making; there is no room for art, contrivance, ingenuity, and superior skill—all which are the cheering circumstances of human labour. The husbandman sees the field gradually subdued by the plough; the smith beats the rude mass of iron by degrees into its meditated shape, and gives it its meditated utility; the tailor accommodates his parallelogram of cloth to the lumps and bumps of the human body, and, holding it up, exclaims, "This will contain the lower moiety of a human being." But the treader does nothing but tread: he sees no change of objects, admires no new relation of parts, imparts no new qualities to matter, and gives to it no new arrangements and positions; or if he does, he sees and knows it not, but is turned at once from a rational being, by a justice of peace, into a *primum mobile*, and put upon a level with a rush of water or a puff of steam. It is impossible to get gentlemen to attend to the distinction between raw and roasted prisoners, without which all discussion on prisoners is perfectly ridiculous. Nothing can be more excellent than this kind of labour for persons to whom you mean to make labour as irksome as possible; but for this very reason, it is the labour to which an untired prisoner ought not to be put. * * * It is very untidy stated, that a prisoner, before trial, not compelled to work, and kept upon a plain diet, merely sufficient to maintain him in health, is better off than he was previous to his accusation; and it is asked, with a triumphant leer, whether the situation of any man ought to be improved, merely because he has become an object of suspicion to his fellow-creatures? This happy and unfortunate man, however, is separated from his wife and family; his liberty is taken away; he is confined within four walls; he has the reflection that his family are existing upon a precarious parish support, that his little trade and property are wasting, that his character is becoming infamous, that he has incurred ruin by the malice of others, or by his own crimes, that in a few weeks he is to forfeit his life, or be banished from every thing he loves upon earth. This is the improved situation, and the redundant happiness, which requires the penal cir-

cumvolutions of the justice's mill to cut off so unjust a balance of gratification, and bring him a little nearer to what he was before imprisonment and accusation. But a man who is about to be tried for his life, often wants all his leisure time to reflect upon his defence. The exertions of every man within the walls of a prison are necessarily crippled and impaired. What can a prisoner answer who is taken hot and reeking from the tread-mill, and asked what he has to say in his defence? This is a very strong feature of cruelty and tyranny in the mill. We ought to be sure that every man has had the fullest leisure to prepare for his defence, that his mind and body have not been harassed by vexatious and compulsory employment. The public purchase, at a great price, legal accuracy, and legal talent, to accuse a man who has not, perhaps, one shilling to spend upon his defence. It is atrocious cruelty not to leave him full leisure to write his scarcely legible letters to his witnesses, and to use all the melancholy and feeble means which suspected poverty can employ for its defence against the long and heavy arm of power.—*Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.*

CLOTH-MAKING WITHOUT SPINNING OR WEAVING.

Among the many extraordinary and truly wonderful inventions of the present times, is a machine for the making of broad or narrow woollen cloths without spinning or weaving, and, from our acquaintance with the staple manufacture of this district, after an inspection of patterns of this cloth, we should say there is every probability of this fabric superseding the usual mode of making cloth by spinning and weaving. The machines are patented in this and every other manufacturing nation. The inventor is an American, and appears to have a certain prospect of realising an ample fortune by the sale of his patent right. We understand patterns of this cloth, as well as a drawing of the machinery, have been shown to many of our principal merchants and manufacturers, none of whom have expressed a doubt but that the machinery appears capable of making low cloths which require a good substance. Should it succeed to any thing near the expectation of the patentees, its abridgement of labour, as well manual as by machinery, will be very great. We find that means are already taken to introduce this machine among our continental rivals; a company of eleven gentlemen in London have deposited five thousand pounds with the patentees, who have ordered a machine for them; when finished, they are to try it for one month, and if at the end of that time they think it will succeed, they are to pay twenty thousand pounds for the patent right in the kingdom of Belgium, and it will of course be worked there. We are therefore bound in duty to our country, and her manufacturing interests, to adopt such facilities as will prevent us falling into a position below our rivals in other countries. We are informed the necessary machinery for the production of this patent woollen felted cloth will be tried here in a week or two, under the superintendence of the inventor, by a cloth merchant who has an exclusive licence, but is about to associate with him twenty other respectable business men, for the purpose of sharing the expenses of giving the invention a fair trial. It is calculated that one set of machinery, not costing more than six hundred pounds, will be capable of producing six hundred yards of woollen cloth, thirty-six inches in width, per day of twelve hours.—*Leeds Mercury.*

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great though little-noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it forgoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of his fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child, the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least, drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world, what indeed is the death of a child? It forwarded, it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent. To him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world besides, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to their feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

PERVADINGNESS OF POETRY.

Life is full of poetry; throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreement, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and assists its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointment, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry, and, which is something more to the purpose, cannot help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. & G. O. Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and newsmen.—Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitechapel.